BLACK TREACHERY

By JOHN K. LEYS-

half a lifetime Sir Gaspord Hawke of Bourne Abbey. ce at the Abbey. At length

ive at Lowford Grange, a the squire. out five miles from Bourne

was a big, strong-looking fifty-as near as I could was stout, yet far from urthough I had been hopwe were rather dull in that

neighborhood of St. James rather too much so. His lack; his lips full, and senunnoticed. It seemed to me friend, that Sir Gasparl had ht had not altogether agreed

with me on Tuesday week-

Maj. Flint? I hope if you ng better to do that evening would be delighted, and a few

Sir Gaspard seems a very pleasant felremarked to the squire on our

I thought it very good of him to invite man he had never seen in his life his house-warming." doubt he had heard of you, and you were good company. But, if what Billy Noswell says

invitation because he is afraid of hav-'No' when he has his eye on them,

I dare say your friend Billy What'sshouldn't wonder if we were to nd him there-in the most comfortable at in the room. Billy has a privileged

ingue-nobody minds him." minute or two later my friend gave What are you laughing at?" said I "Nothing. I was only wondering whether Sir Gaspard's cousin Jermyn will

e at the festive gathering on Tuesday "And why should he not?"

"Because these two occupy a rather eculiar relation to each other. To all ppearance they are the best of friends, ut I am tolerably certain that they are reality about as friendly as fire and ving relation except the other. If it not for Gaspard, Jermyn would hold title, and be head of the family. He of spending his afternoons cooped up in the bank parlor at Bilchester.

hen, you see, it is commonly bedeved that Jermyn has the title-deeds money on them, which Sir Gaspard, econ-Gaspard is only the man in posses-

them," I said, and the subject dropped. As it turned out, Jermyn Hawke not present at the dinner party. He had business connected with the banking siness he carried on at Bilchester. Sin spard did the thing in style. He had cubted whether their achievements were appreciated by the guests, who were used a plainer style of cookery. But if we Id not care for Sir Gaspard's made dishertainly did ample justice to his nes, which were excellent. By the time condition-that is to say, we were an we would otherwise have done.

ogether a new light. Hitherto e had acted the genial man of the world tank to the verge of imprudence, equaly ready to ask or bestow a favor, witha thought beyond his farms, and the common affairs of the county and the parish. He now appeared, to me, at all its, as a cynical student of men and when he was in earnest and when was merely taking a mischievous de-

guests formed an irregular nd the spluttering logs. In the spectator shrank from him in dismay. st, his broad and still led, and it was supposed that

enjoying the opposition he and when the uproar had ter all, you see, it is merely

of his neighbors, who was evidently shocked at this frank materialism, "re-member the moral aspect of the question

Thou shalt not kill,' you know. scriousness, is a community that uses the gallows as one of the resources of civilization entitled to quote that time-worn tified by the event. This maxim? What is sauce for the goose is that had seen him. Eir sauce for the gander, surely.'

and come home.

"But—but we don't hang a man unless only six months or so since I he has first killed somebody!" ejaculated

has no reason to complain. It is one of the rules of the game. But don't pretend wever, I happened to be at the poor market fown, one day in with my friend Tampley, of life for her own reasons, is a bit more moral than the criminal who takes another man's life for what seems to him good

"Then you think murder is perfectly t (ar from ur-to myself that a good cause for killing his man-if he

"Murder is one of those words it is impossible to defend, it has got such an ring about it," said our host. was in the usual gare of tween taking the life of a man and the tleman, but it was evident life of any other animal. To a disciple of Huxley and Darwin what is man but a superior sort of animal? And why should there be any material difference between the killing of a fly and the slaughter of a sheep, or between the slippery. slaughter of a sheep and the taking of the life of a man? If, as all philosophers hold nowadays, man is merely a higher kind of animal, there is no difference." "If you are in earnest, Sir Gaspard, which I take leave to doubt," said the squire stiffly, "I must say I think your

principles are detestable!" The baronet's only answer to this was a low chuckle of amusement.

"There's one thing." said I, bluntly, "that makes a difference between killing a man and killing a sheep. The other men will kill you if you kill a man—the other here will let you have a least if you had. other sheep will let you alone if you kill

perfect politeness, "that man, being the highest known animal, has certain powers of acting in concert superior to those of any other animal. But they are in the present instance very limited. I don't suppose one-quarter of the removals that actually take place are ever heard of-not one-tenth of those which are undertaken by the more intelligent part of the community. The man who takes the life of a fellow-man for some wise purpose of his own, and does not get found out, proves thereby his right to take that life. At least so Carlyle teaches, Where-as, if he is found out, he is thereby proved to have made a mistake. He is not fit to survive, and, accordingly, he does not survive-and I, for one, gentlemen, have not an ounce of pity to spare

I had been watching Sir Gaspard keenly during this talk, and I thought I detected a certain ring of conviction, if I may so speak, beneath the off-hand, frivolous surface of his manner. At best his con-versation was not agreeable to me, and I resolved that I would give the genial-looking bardnet a wide berth in future. I remember that when I shook hands with him that night his words about man being only a superior animal came into my head, and I could not help the fancy that it was not the hand of a fellow-man, but the paw of a great flesh-eating beast,

cunning and fierce, that I had grasped.

Time went on, and the folk in our part of the country became accustomed to Sir Gaspard and his ways. People were no longer shocked at being told of the nstrous principles he held, or pretendmonstrous prince, and course, and that made him popular among the squires; but his tenants said he was a hard man, a man who would laugh and tell a good story, and the next moment and popular among the baronet. He sat down by the wayside to get his breath. We could see that he was dripping wet from nead to foot. We way dripping wet from nead to foot. We never down the stream of the paraget was to be give a sentence that would send a poor fellow to the Bankruptcy Court. The country gentlemen defended him, how-even, on the ground that as he was over head and ears in debt, his estate being mortgaged to the last penny it would carry, he was forced to screw the most he could out of his fenants. could out of his tenants.

In the spring it was rumored that in a the family estates; having advanced spite of his impecunious condition Sir Gaspard was paying court to a very beaumize as much as he chooses, will never tiful girl, Juliet Etheridge, belonging to a very old but impoverished family in another division of the county. The baronet seemed to be very much in earnest in his wooing, but everybody said he had no chance. He had nothing but a barren title to offer his bride, for it was well bank of the stream. I must have esknown that his cousin Jermyn could turn him neck and crop out of the Abbey whenever he had a mind to live there

This cousin Jermyn was a small man, with the face of a rat and the morals of a weasel. Nobody had a good word to say for him, though many people were too deeply in his debt to say out what they thought. He wore habitually a shabby brown suit, for he was something of a miser, and among other peculiarities he wore a wig of brewn hair that was so unmistakably foreign to his scalp that it made not even a pretense of deceiving arybody. One peculiarity that gave this gentleman's counterance a sinister aspect was that his nose was not quite straight. It was remarkably thin, and being bent a little to the left, did not add to the beauty or dignity of its owner's appear-

That, however, was apparently a small matter in the eyes of Miss Juliet Etheridge, or those of her parents; for to the either in his own philosophy or in strprise of every one it was suddenly antat of any one else. It was difficult to nounced that a marriage had been arrang-

the shocking the respectable country the strength of the shocking the respectable country cause a complete rupture between the two cousins, for everybody knew that the baronet had had hopes of making the ight was chilly, though we were fair girl his own. But they were disap-September, and a fire had been kin- pointed. It was said that when Sir Gasthe great fireplace, which had the causing those members of the duly reported to his cousin, Jermyn smile he table to group themselves in such ungodly fashion, twisting his thin known that Sir Gaspard was to succeed nose yet farther to the left, and curling

However this may be, it certainly seem me face flushed with wine, and a ed as though the person who took least personal interest in the matter was the plainly satirical, was seldom bride. It was whispered that her heart his full-lipped, mobile mouth, was set upon a ccusin of her own-a resation happened to drift to a lieutenant in the navy-but this may that we had hitherto by common have been mere gossip. What is certain avoided—a peculiarly shocking is that the poor girl seemed to be without thad been perpetrated in an any will of her own, so far as resisting

The suspected murdeter her parents' wishes was concerned.

The engagement of Juliet to Jermyn seemed to make no difference in the timents of horror and pity friendly relations that existed between tim were expressed, and the the baronet and his cousin. It was re-eginning to drift away to ant, when the deep round voice with a sneer, speaking of the engage-was heard challenging attenpected. And it was also said that he was to give up the Abbey to the newly-wedded than with the man you call haunts once more. The marriage was Remember, that if it is a fixed to take place in February; and Sir the river that cold December night. I uffering, the man you call Gaspard issued invitations for one of kept my suspicious to myself, for proof I has probably already sufhis bachelor parties for the last night of had none, and I had no mind to be prose-

There was no talk now of the baronet's giving his invitations by word of mouth, so as to give them a better chance of was launched at the head of He sat quite still, to my in the county; and it was openly regretted by some people that he was being practically forced to abdicate his place as head of the family to his cousin.

It was a large and a merry party that of the survival of the fittest."

howl, which like the former

y, leaving the mellow tones of

s voice sounding through the
though he had never been inter
the last night of the old year. Never,
surely, since those ancient walls were
raised from the ground had louder laughraised from the survival of the fittest."

I saw little of Sir Gaspard during the
evening, but when the hour for leave-takraised from the ground allouder laughraised from the survival of the fittest."

I saw little of Sir Gaspard during the
evening through the survival of the old year. Never,
surely, since those ancient walls were
raised from the ground allouder laughraised from the survival of the old year. Never,
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surely, since those ancient walls were
raised from the survival of the old year.

like steam in the frosty air as we assem-bled at the porch in front of the Abbey to mount the various carriages that were

said Gaspard to his cousin, as one guest after another came up to shake hands climbed up beside me, and the groom screw has falien dead lame, and is unfit | ment we were off.

nto the open air, where a shabby-looking mare stood harnessed to a shabbier-look-

The poor creature would scarcely allow

his cousin's side, "every bed in the house is occupied, as several of the men are staying overnight. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll drive you home in my dog cart. No trouble, I assure you. The night air will do me good. Here, Coverdale, tell them to put black Bess in the dog cart." Black Bess was Sir Gaspard's best animal-a fine, spirited creature, which he

"One of the grooms can drive me, if you really can't put me up," said Jermyn, in a grumbling tone, "or perhaps one of the others would give me a lift."

"Get a lift if you can, but I fancy they haven't a vacant seat anywhere," said his cousin. "And as for the grooms, I wouldn't trust one of them with Black

driven off, and none of the others felt inclined to go out of their way so late at night to oblige Jermyn Hawke, who was no favorite, especially as Sir Gaspard had offered to take him home

my guest for the time being, and we cart had been brought around. For the irst three miles our way was the same s that which Sir Gaspard would take in driving to Bilchester. About a mile after leaving the Abbey the road crossed the Brent, a deep, fast-flowing river, now covered by a thin coating of ice. The oanks on either side of the stream were Abbey; but the road was wide, so was the bridge, and with careful driving there was no danger. What danger there was that night arose from the fact that as the wall flanking the bridge on the left as you came down the hill was being re-paired, there was only a thin wooden fence between the road and the river at

were climbing up the opposite bank when we heard in the keen, frosty air the sound of Sir Gaspard's dogcart thundering down the iron-bound road on the other side of the river. "If Hawke doesn't mind he will throw

that horse down," said my companion, as the sound of galloping hoofs came clearly to our ears. We heard the rattle of the wheels on the hard road, and the shout of the driver. Do you think Sir Gas-pard is quite sober?" asked my friend.

awful shriek, a cry as of a soul in agony-pierced the stillness of the night. Then a oud crashs Then silence.

"Good heavens! What has happened?"
I cried, and turned my trap around. In a very few minutes we were at the bottom of the hill. There was a great black hole in the ice just at the corner of the ure climbing slowly up the bank. It was

tige of man, horse, or cart was to be

bolt into the river as though she were mad. In a moment I was struggling in till I found myself clinging to the slimy

Whether the baronet got the brandy he was in need of I don't remember. I know that he insisted on walking back to the saying, truly enough, that he would be less likely to come to harm walking than driving in an open trap in the cold air. He seemed quite able to walk, so he went off, and we saw no more of him

When the ice was broken up the dead body of Jermyn Hawke was found entangled in the wreck of the dogcart unswollen almost beyond recognition.

the lameness of his late master's horse, which had prevented the ill-fated man from driving himself home on that fatal night. But it was a mere rumor. Shortly afterward the man emigrated to Australia and no more was heard of the insinuation. The baronet was in a few months as popular as he had ever been. He was now a rich man, for his cousin had died intes tate, and the mortgages on the Abbey estate were a thing of the past.

Etheridge had been ordered by her par-ents to transfer her affections to the inheritor of the late Jermyn stocks and

place in the last week of January, just twelve months after the accident which had deprived the bride-elect of her for-mer lover. Some were of opinion that it would have been but decent had a longe baronet was impatient, the bride offered no objection-none, at least, that reached the ears of the outside world-and the bride's parents were not unnaturally anxious to have the affair settled.

For my part I had avoided the baronet since the accident at the bridge. I had never been able to rid my mind of the der, and I could not help connecting that conversation with what had happened at cuted for libel.

I made a point, as I have said, of avoiding the baronet whenever it was possible to do so without remark; but sometimes it was not practicable to do this. I was sorry, but scarcely surprised, to find that he, as well as myself, was to dine at Coulton Hall on the 31st of December. Coulton Hall is Col. Dent's place. It lies some

evening, but when the hour for leave-takraised from the ground had louder laughwhen I say the fittest. I mean the
when I say the fittest, I mean the
when I say the fittest. I mean the
whist to survive. And of course combatwhere I course, skill in shooting if you
were constituted by the fittest of the fittest of the party; and even the thin
and soul of the party; and even the thin
were face of Jermyn Hawke seemed
to catch something of the merriment
to catch something of the merriment
that prevailed.

We did not break up till long after

We did not break up till long after

wing came I learned to my profound ar
ance that the fly I had ordered had
turned up, and that, unless I intende
walk the eight or nine miles that
between me and my home, I
accept the offer of a lift w
(unknown to me my host turned up, and that, unless I intended to walk the eight or nine miles that lay

I did not like lying under even such trifling obligation to the man; but in th circumstances there was nothing to d and take my seat in the dogcart in which

"Let me see her," cried the little man, keen, searching wind in our faces which excitedly. "The mare was all right as made conversation difficult. Little was we came along to-night." He pushed out sale on the way. Sir Gaspard drove, as he always did, at breakneck speed, and the wheels of the dogcart flew round or

the hard frozen road.

When we reached a point about half way between my house and the Abbey offered to get down; but the baronet ar swered impatiently, "No, no. I will pu you across the Brent," and turned sharp ly into the road that led down to the bridge. It was the very same road he had traveled on that fatal night. I won "I'm sorry I can't put you up to-night, old fellow," said the barenet, coming to proposed to take me across the bridge.

Having dropped the groom at the top of proceeded to make the descent to the river bank. At first all went well. The two powerful horses Sir Gaspard was driving settled down steadily to push back against the heavy four-wheeled dogcart behind them, and Sir Gaspard had them well in hand. But as the descent became steeper the pace became faster and faster. till at length I ventured to ask the barone

if anything was wrong.
"I think something must be wrong with the brake," he muttered between his teeth, leaning on the lever with all his

force. "I can't make it bite." Then, from the sudden jump they gave, it seemed to me that something had startled the horses. At any rate away they went down the hill at a terrific speed,

quite beyond control.
"I must send the devil along," shouted the baronet to me, "and ease them down going up the other side. It's our only chance. You had better slip off behind while you can."

The advice was good, and I proceeded back of the seat, I perched myself on the back seat of the dog cart, which was now as he was unconsciously drawn swaying as if every moment it would overturn.

with my foot when a sensation of cold-claramy cold-came over me, exactly as He came to know personally, and though we had driven into a thick fog. I that another man was sitting beside Sir Gaspard in the seat I had just left. I was duly wondering whether he had come to help the baronet to pull in the runaway horses, when I noticed that the thick overcoat he wore was soaking wet.

My God! what a cry. It came from Sir Gaspard. Till that moment I believe my companion's attention had been so riveted upon his horses that he did not know that ome one was by his side. I looked at him His round, fleshy face was flabby and white as chalk. He sat huddled up togeth er in a corner of the seat, shrinking with deadly terror. In another moment I, too had seen it-had seen the dead face of Jermyn Hawke. There is no comparison between the fea

of man, of wild beast, of fire, or water, or anything natural, and the fear that now froze the very blood in my arteries. I knew that I could neither speak nor move -it was as if, all unprepared, I had entered in behind the veil. I could only sit and gaze and tremble. I cannot remember any expression in the face, except that it was like the face

of a man who had been drowned-white and sodden through being long in the The horses were now going like mad things. And then I saw the stranger put out his hand and lay hold of the reins, drawing them to the left, and thus head-ing the horses to the low wall which now formed the barrier between the road and

was simply like a man paralyzed. There were a few seconds of sickening suspense—then a bound and a crash. The heavy carriage had been lifted clean over the low wall and had plunged into the river eight feet below. I was thrown out

bodily and fell against the wall. soon swept carriage and horses far away. Half stunned by my fall, I staggered to my feet and peered over the wall through the darkness. And there in the gloom. crouching on the steep-sloping, slimy bank of the stream, bending over the inky black water and holding something down-something that moved.

When next I opened my eyes there wa nothing to be seen but the water rushing furiously on between the piers of the bridge and the black sky above me. But for the sound of moving water there was

BEAR HUNTS IN CHICAGO PARKS. as He Looked.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. An Eastern newspaper man who can out to Chicago months ago to educate the natives in "journalism" has gone back

cronies. "for the experience is not without value. It is an interesting town for about thirty days, but when it comes to living there, especially where you are a reporter and are expected to help out in keeping

the town stirred up-bah! "One day I was left on the 'phone while the city editor 'took a spin around the block,' as he expressed it. He was not more than out of sight when the 'phone demanded my attention. To the usual query, 'Is this the city editor?' I replied

affirmatively. "'Going to send up that New York re-porter to-day?' asked the other end of the line. Of course I twigged and turned

'What time will he be up?' was the 'Some time,' I replied. "'Some time,' I replied.
"'That won't do. You must fix a definite hour. I can't spring a thing like this in

"I had to think for a minute. Then said 5 o'clock.

'That won't do. It is feeding time.' 'Make it 4 o'clock,' I said. "Four is better. Near the Shore drive, cause it'll be crowded, and we want to cake it lively. Be sure and send that New York reporter. We'll cut his eye teeth for

said no, he remarked, 'That's funny,' but "'You might wait around,' he said, pleasantly; 'something's liable to happen

"'He'll be there,' I said, and rung off.

in Chicago any minute. Funniest town

'Take a Lincoln Park car and get off at North avenue and rush down to the Shore drive. The bears in Lincoln Park have struck and are making for the concourse, which is crowded with wome which is crowded with women

"I think he was a trifle disappointed be cause I did not throw a handspring through the window. But I got out of the building, and that night I was on my way I got all the Chicago papers th following day, but they contained nothing about any bear hunt in Lincoln Park. It is an old story in Chicago, and the old reporters do not enthuse over it. But whenever a new reporter strikes the town the city editor calls up the animal keeper of Lincoln Park and arranges for a bear hunt."

From the Chicago Tribune.
"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Chugwater who was looking over the newspap headline: "Stabbed in Cold Blood!"

LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Timely Volume Written by a Washington Author.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BOERS

Have Intense Antipathy for the English, and Name Unruly Oxen After Them-Expedition of Mr. Brown Full of Incident and Adventure-Natives Both Treacherous and Lazy-Powerful Personality of Cecil Rhodes-Great Railroad Scheme.

At a time when the eyes of the world are turned expectantly to South Africa, over which the war cloud seems liable to burst at any moment, there comes very opportunely from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons a handsomely illustrated volume of some 400 pages, entitled "On the South African Frontier,' being the adventures and observations of an American in Mashonaland and Matabeleland. What lends local interest to the volume

is the fact that it is written by William Harvey Brown, who was formerly connected with the Smithsonian Institution in this city, by which he was sent in 1889 to the west coast of Africa as naturalist with a party of scientists who went to observe an eclipse of the sun. train. The natives, who were a cowardly Brief experience on the Coanza River and useless lot, although professing Chrisserved to give Mr. Brown the African tiarity and holding long prayer-meetings, fever both literally and figuratively, for were found almost useless for work, so when he had recovered from the malady he was smitten with an inconquerable desire to explore the Dark Continent. which desire he proceeded to gratify. The result was that he spent seven years to profit by it. Clambering over the low back of the seat, I perched myself on the game hunter, and explorer, afterward, dier, participating in the early set-

He came to know personally, and in some instances intimately, Cecil Rhodes, the "Colossus of Africa," whose shadow seems over the continent from the Cape to Cairo; Dr. Jameson, the leader of the to Cairo; Dr. Jameson, the leader of the famous raid, and President Kruger, the cutwardly placid Gibraltar of the little cutwardly placid Gibraltar of the little tain number of mining claims, most them took to prospecting. Mr. Brown for a time stuck to his work as a naturalist cutton but becoming imbued with vasion. All this is live matter at this the gold fever, laid out his claims in the time, and although mostly history, comparatively little known or understood by An ericans. Therefore, the publication is most timely.

Expedition to Africa.

Hurrying over the introductory chap-ters, which contain an account of the expedition on the United States ship Pensacola, with snap shots at Sierra Leone and Saint Paul de Loanda, the latter an other of Portugal's collapsing colonies like those of Delagoa Bay and Beira, on the east coast of Africa, and Macao ir Indo-Chino; together with some interest ing and humorous observations among the lazy and superstitious Cunga native. the writer transports the reader at one bound to Cape Town. His first impres-sions are as follows:

"Although much literature concerning South Africa has appeared during the last few years, doubtless there are many Americans who still entertain vague idea as to the state of civilization at the Cape of Good Hope. Regarding Africa generally, we usually think of it as a wild, half-explored country; but whoever applies this idea to Cape Town would be surprised, as I was, upon landing there to find it a place where it takes but little imagination to think one's self in his own

with its picturesque Table Mountain, whose top, always shrouded in dense bodily and fell against the wall.

The screaming and plunging of the water reservoir for the city; the harbor urbs, and mixed inhabitants. to Mr. Brown, the latter consist of English, Dutch, Malays, and negroes. The Malays, who were originally imported as slaves by the Dutch East India Company. constitute the bulk of the laboring population. Their language is still Dutch, and most of them are Mohammedans, claiming their religious privilege to plurality of wives, with which custom the authorities do not interfere. aborigines, are pretty nearly played out, owing to their natural inertia and acquired taste for strong liquors, but they have a queer habit of getting out and howling like dogs occasionally, in order to prove to the rest of the population

that they are not yet extinct. At the time of Mr. Brown's visit to the Cape, the people there were wild over the discovery of gold and diamonds in the Zambesi country, which subsequently attracted the attention of the civilized world, and was the primary cause of the present South African trouble. This then nclaimed territory, which has since been lesignated on the maps as Rhodesia, was eveted by the Boers, Germans, Portuguese, and British, whose possessions unded it on various sides, but it was under the control of the powerful and varlike Lobenguela, ruler of Matabeleand and Mashonaland, whom nobody could approach until Cecil Rhodes, his diplomacy and daring, secured a concession from the savage monarch, giving his company complete and exclusive con kingdom. This was the beginning of the British South Africa Company, with a capital of 1,000,000 pounds sterling, and Mr. Brown accompanied its pioneer corps, which cut out the first roads into the new territory. It is interesting to note that the advice given by an American missionary who had been among the Zulus was to kill as many as he could the bloodthirsty Matabeles, assuring him

that thereby he would be doing a service to humanity. The pioneer corps was practically a mili tary organization, cwing to the dangerous country it was to traverse, so Mr. Brown was obliged to enlist under contract with the company, although not actually in the service of the queen. He secured per mission from the Smithsonian Institute to make the trip, but although his constant collecting won for him the nick-name of "Curio Brown," many of his "When the city editor returned he asked mame of "Curio Brown," many of his me if anybody had called up, and when I best specimens of African big game never got back to civilization, but were the wilderness or devoured by wild beasts Into the Wilderness

From Cape Town to Kimberley the corp that the scenery along the way reminde "He had a monopoly on the word and its degrees. I 'waited around' for about an hour in the reading room, and berley and its diamond mines, which Cecil Rhodes had just succeeded in uniting the company, are briefly described. farm, the pioneers started out on their Kimberley to Mafeking that travel led by Dutch wagon train, in style very similar to that in which the Boers made their already there. Pay no attention to him. great "trek" into the Transvaal after the is used to bears. Just you get in the chase. Never mind the elevator. Slide, Rider Haggard, Olive Schreiner, and other South African writers have given un descriptions of the strong, though cumbersome, wagons, drawn by "spans" of over the trackless yeldt. Although the passing to the westward of Kruger' the Rhodesia Rathroad, Mr. Brown saw much of the Boers and their antipathy to the English. He states that "if a Dutch transport rider has an ox in his spar which he dislikes, he invariably names him 'Engelsman' or Englishman.

n the state of a collapsed boom, a number of Boers from Johannesburg were glad to join the pioneers at Mafeking. Experts ieclared that the Transvaal mines would not pay for their working, and the repub He was in debt to the extent of a million or so, with only \$5 in the treasury. No-

body could foresee the time a few years later when the production of gold in the Transvaal would amount to nearly \$100,-00,000 per annum, and the Dutchmen, who were then so desirous of getting away, would be fighting to keep the Outlanders out of their country. But such are the inevitable consequences of the "curse of

Along the border of the Transvaal, where some of the hottest skirmishing may be expected in case of war between the British and the Boers-since the railway line between Cape Town and Rhodesia must be kept open by the British, and the Boers will naturally make their first rush to break it—the pioneers made their way. They were now in the enemy's country, for Lobenguela, after graciously giving his consent to an undertaking which he thought would never be carried out, sent word warning them to keep out the strictest precautions were observed, a tockade camp or "laager," after the fash-ion of our Western wagon trains in ploneer times, being formed nightly, while scouts guarded the train night and day. Indeed, the progress across country was strong reminiscence of Western pior proceedings, with some differences in de-tail. For instance, Mr. Brown details the Scuth African method of branding cattle, which is clumsy and awkward in the ex-treme, requiring a dozen men to capture one cow, which trick would be done by one American cowboy in a jiffy. But throwing the lasso is an art which has never been cultivated among the Boers,

unless of recent years. most of the time while the others were taking turns at cutting the road through the wilderness and guarding the baggage white men did most of it. Brown's duties also included supplying the camp with fresh meat, and he found big game in the Stanley. Of course, this is all changed

On the way the expedition founded Fort Tuli, just to the northwest of the Trans-vaal, across the Limpopo River; Fort Vic-toria, near the present city of Victoria; Fort Charter, the nearest station to the rich Hartley Hills, and finally, Fort Salisbury, which has since grown into the city of Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia. There the pioneers disbanded, and as each and shovel.

broke out, and he took an active part in the campaigns against King Lobenguela which are described with dramatic detail in the book. All this is, to a certain ex-tent, history at the present day, but it has considerable bearing on the Transvaal troubles, the causes of which are not gen-erally understood in this country. Between the Orange Free State and Cape Colony, both British possessions, and the great if only partly developed province of Rhodesia, lies the little South African republic of the Transvaal, which forms an obstacle to the shortest path of communi-cation. The exclusive policy of the Boers doubtless retarding the progress of South Africa, and although one may sympathize with the theoretical right to inependence and exclusiveness, there is no loubt that a federation of the South African States, after the fashion of the that could happen to that country. Still, the Boers will never accept the idea, in all probability, until it is nammered into

Cape to Cairo Railway.

Mr. Brown shows himself throughout a partisan of Cecil Rhodes, under whom he served most of the time, and he throws some interesting sidelights on the character of "Cecii Africanus," the man who, a few years ago, was deprived of his colonial offices and solemnly censured by a committee of parliament, but who is to-day the greatest power in South Africa. The the capitalists of London declined to invest in the scheme. Thereupon Rhodes, with never-failing resourcefuiness, provided nearly 90 per cent. of the funds himself, and he pushed the enterprise regardless of the predictions that, even should he succeed in getting his line to

greater than the Trans-Siberian Railroad of Russia. This will be the first railroad almanac, as Holmes says: "Better be span a continent north and south, the to span a continent north and south, the proposed Pan-American Rallway to connect North and South America having ev-idently failen through. The enterprise is dently failen through. The enterprise is logic may follow. much greater and more difficult than the telegraph line, and from present prospects promises to pay less, so it is doubtful if Rhodes will live to see his dream realized. But in case of war, who knows what chestnuts he may rake out of the fire. He has already won many forlorn hopes, and the chances are that he near hopes, and the chances are that he may induce others to carry out his even if he does not himself. He

THERE WAS MONEY IN THE AIR.

South Daltota Country. From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Huh," ejaculated the man who had just paid for the round, "another one of those newspaper iles. Mud showers, red snowstorms, airships, kiss-ing bugs; they're all the same, nothing but fakes, sir! Overwrought imagination of some country corquor and a high temperature. Mud shower! High:
"Well," responded the man from Buffalo, affaniy,
there are a good many lies told in the papers newlays, but it's hard to point 'em out with cer

I went to sleep it was with the cheering knowledge that I was one of the richest men in the world. Every one of those bills was a brand-new, crisp 150 gold certificate, sigued, sealed, and delivered at the door, gentletonen.

"The next day, when every one had their monay put away in trunks, boscs, and gunnysacks, they began to wonder what it menst. There were lots of theories presented, as you many imagine, but none of them proved correct. But there was the money, piled high on every doorstap. One mass went crary because he couldn't find out how much he was worth; got a different tetal every count. As for me, I just counted one soap boarful and estimat, of the balance; I had about 13,000,000.

"And then—" axied the man in the crash suit, as he sighed and drained his glass to the very last bit of lemon peel.

"It was all explained later, gentlemen. There had been a cyclone over in South Dakota, and a counterfeiter's house had been leveled to the ground. He leat the proceeds of four years of honest toil." "Did—did you—""
"Grathenen, a recret service officer with four-een deputies rode into town one day and arrested every last resident for passing counterfeit money. Decause of the enumual circumstance we got off with a fine of 150 each. Talk about mud showers, gestlemen."

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF HUMOR.

Laughter and Health Shake Hands Over the Dinner Table

The following is a paper read before the Cosmopolitan Literary Club, of Southern Pines, by Dr. Edwin Gladmon, formerly of Washington, as reported in

the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer: A politician once began an address by saying: "Fellow-citizens, it is my busi ness to talk." "Yes," cried one of his listeners, "and your place of business has not been closed these twenty year I've

Now, it is not my business to talk, nor to write, and it is with some diffidence that at the request of your programme committee, I submit these views on "The Serious Side of Humor."

Humor may be defined as that faculty of the mind which takes cognitance of the absurd or incongruous in persons and things and their relations with each

Its serious side I take to mean its prac tical side, or the value that attaches to it as a means of benefit and improvement;

Humor being an attribute of the mind. sis of the far-reaching effects of the mind on the body. This, however, is be-

applied to a fluid secretion of the body. Four varieties were supposed to exist, and the way in which these different temper of the mind, hence the present use of the words, good and bad humor as applied to a person's disposition.

This theory, now obsolete, nevertheless contained a germ of the truth, only they had the cart before the horse, the result

where the cause should be.
This old theory thus modernized and revised, that the state of the mind deermined the kind of humor, takes its lace among the accepted truisms in the science of to-day. True, even in its old literal sense as a bodily secretion.

Prof. Gates, of Washington, D. C., af-

firms that he can determine the disposition of a person by an examination of the perspiration; contact with selenic acid giving a variety of colors; in criminals pink and in meiancholy and insanity blue. A lady was so impressed by his dis-coveries that she donated several thou-sand dollars for the building of a lab-oratory in which he is now prosecuting his studies.

his studies.

Recognizing humor, then, as one of the beneficent attributes of the mind, we can appreciate how limitless is its capability for good.

This force of the mind over the body Milton voiced years ago, when he said:

The mind is in its own place, and in itself The growing appreciation of this truth is a happy augury for the century now awning, and as people realize that good aumor is precedent to and necessary to

Examples of this might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

A hearty laugh is worth a barrel of medicine and a dry joke more precious than costly elixirs. From Hippocrates down, mirth and laughter have held high place as therapeutic agents. It has been recommended in many diseases. An Italian physician recently even claimed laughter to be a valuable expectorant. He declares a good laugh 'rids the bronchial tubes of phlegm and produces a state of physical and moral well-being."

Some of the popular comedies of to-day do more real good than Shakespeare's tragedies, in spite of the latter's grand imagery and magnificent diction. I cannot prevent Desdemona from being smothered night after night, but I can deciline to see it. I am degenerate enough to prefer a minstrei show to "Virginius," and I think the Irishman justified who, in

rican States, after the Iashion of the United States, would be the greatest boom that could happen to that country. Still, the Boers will never accept the idea, in all probability, until it is nammered into them.

Canada Cairo Railway.

streaming down his face: "Be jabers, is this what you call divarshun?"

There is always hope for the sinner who has in his soul the element of humor; out without it he is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.

A promising field for missionary work is among those people who, like Sydney Smith's Scotchman, can only get a joke in their heads by the aid of an auger and bit.

boundless. When he projected the Cape to Cairo telegraph line, now nearly completed, he was considered half crazy, and Humor is an open sesame to all circles and all classes of society. It is the universal password of mankind. Its due guard is the word "resorius," because that is the name of the muscle by which we land

should he succeed in getting his line to Lake Tangayika, he could never cross the mahdi's country in the Egyptian Soudan. The breaking of the mahdi's power by Lord Kitchener leaves the right of way open, and the intervening distance between the northern and southern ends of the line is rapidly being filled.

Now Rhodes has in mind nothing less than a continuous line of railway from the Cape to Cairo, an enterprise even greater than the Trans-Siberian Railroad

For the sad old eath must berrow its mirth, But has trouble enough of its own.

Humor does not mean buffconery nor coarse raillery; neither does it mean wit, because wit sometimes wounds, but humor rever. Humor resembles mercy. "It cometh like the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blest; it blesses him that gives and him that takes." Humor resembles mercy. "It cometh like the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blest; it blesses him that gives and him that takes." Humor begets cheerfulness are cheerfulness is next to Godliness.

The Christian with somber men and melancholy visage has failed to grasp the first principles of Christianity.

A person's age is not measured by the

Humor is a mental dynamite that often

logic may follow.

Laugh and grow fat. Humor cils the machinery of digestion. Humor and health clasp hands across the dinner table.

Humor is the mouthplece of nature. Nature is typfied in a child is nearly always smiling. A child laughs as a bird sings, just for the very joy of living. Even when come tears they mingle with smiles; the storm clouds are pierced by the rays of laughter's sun, and through falling tears, like glistening dewdrops, we see that most beautiful of all rainbows—the glorious rainbow of the soul.

Humor's guide is the goiden rule. Smile unto you.

Humor never wastes a should be according to the contraction of the soul.

Humor's ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace. The seeds of envy and discord cannot thrive in hu-Humor is the great peacemaker of the world. In its presence wrath dies and re-

world. In its presence wrath dies and resentment fades away.
Humor is the fount from which flows the waters of eternal youth. Nor is it ever far away. Lake the shipwrecked crew crifiting for days, driven by thirst to dip their buckets in the brine, they found fresh water all around.

Humor is an idealist and its ideals are always high. To smooth the wrinkled brow of worry, lift man from the slough of his own despondent thoughts, force him out of the rut, make him be born again.

igain. Humor is impromptu, therefore natu**ra**l, herefore winsome. Humor is the soul's lapidary; the angles of prejudice are rounded into respectful attention; the rough corners of conceit made smooth; provincialism, with its single facet, is changed to a many-ried perfect gem—the broad-minded catholic sout.

Horser rounds the way to harponess and Humor points the way to happiness and intentment. It is the sunshine of the ul, the harbinger of eternal spring in he human heart. Like sunshine floods

driving out menancholy and all dark for-bodings.

Laugh when fortune smiles on you, be-cause nature then seems in a joyous mood. Laugh when fortune seems against you, because you know behind the clouds the sun is always shining. As Ruskin says, make your minds "nests of pleas-ant thoughts."

Blessed then be the humorist, for with a magician's wand he replaces tears with smiles, sorrows with joys, griefs with laughter, and even when he has reached the allotted life of man, he will say with Hugo, "the snows of winter are on my head, but eternal spring reigns within rey

From the Chicago Times-Herald.
"Ah, yes," she sighed, "my life has been "Why do you say that, Aurora?" her friend demanded. "You are still young-

friend demanded. "You are still young-or at least there is no reason why you can't make the world believe you are still young, and your reputation is free from taint, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I've had three divorces and all the alimony in a bunch wouldn't be enough to make me haif-way independ-ent."

One episode in the conversation

"What is this they tell me, Jermyn?" "Coverdale says that your old jumped up behind, and in another mo

ing dog cart. can't think what's gone wrong with the mare, sir," he said, in an apologetic tone, "but she's gone dead lame. She must have run a sail into her hoof, I fancy." She must There could be no doubt about the fact.

her off hind foot to be touched.

seldom used in harness.

Bess to-night. She is a bit fresh, after all the frost we have had, and the roads are

I was driving an old comrade, who

We passed the bridge in safety, and

"Sober as a judge," said I. As the words left my lips a shriek-an

"What has happened? Can we do anything?" I yelled out, as we dashed across

"Black Bess was so fresh." said Sir Gaspard, "that I could scarcely hold her in from the start. Latterly she got beyond my control altogether. I think the slippery state of the roads frightened her. At any rate, as we came down the hill she bolted. I tried to turn her on to the bridge, but it was no use. She turned diers at the end of the bridge, and went

caped death by a miracle. Have either of you got a mouthful of brandy about

was buried with all due honor, but his cousin was the only mourner at the fu-Time rolled on, and gradually the murmurs of suspicion that had followed the accident died away. True, it was whispered that Jermyn's groom had been heard to say one night that he knew all about

to his cousin's matrimonial as well as his financial interests. In other words, Juliet

shares. Te marriage was announced to take

miles beyond Bourne Abbey, on the bor-ders of -shire.

between me and my home, I must accept the offer of a lift which (unknown to me my host had